SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III.—NO. 21. SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1887. One Dollar Per Year.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Guess what I'm going to tell you, dear;
Guess what I'm going to tell.
I'm not in love with the name you bear,
'Tis so very hard to spell.
Your first one, yes, that's pretty enough;
It reminds me much of June.
The last one runs so crooked and rough,
It can't be set to a tune, my dear;
It can't be set to a tune.

I never say Rosie, but I think
Of a mossy bank you know,
Where Flora's children, pearly and pink,
Around in sweet clusters grow.
You know 'tis always Rosie, I say,
When we name the stars at night;
The other one seems so far away,
That I leave it out of sight, my dear;
That I leave it out of sight.

You'd like to please me, I know you would,
And you please me all but that;
Excuse me, I don't want to be rude,
But I hate that name, that's flat.
You can not help it? Oh, yes, you can—
'Tis easy as counting nine.
Now I shall tell you my little plan—
Just alter it into mine, my dear;
Just alter it into mine.

—*Wm. Lyle, in Philadelphia Call.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The Poetry of His Song and His Movements.

How He "Slips Upward" from Twig to Twig—His Enemy, the Discordant Crow—His Song Not Stolen from Others.

The mocking-bird's movements, excepting in flight, are the perfection of grace; not even the cat-bird can rival him in airy lightness, in easy elegance of motion. In alighting on a fence, he does not merely come down upon it; his manner is fairly poetical. He flies a little too high, drops like a feather, touches the perch lightly with his feet, balances and tosses upward his tail, often quickly running over the tips of half a dozen pickets before he rests. Passing across the yard, he turns not to avoid a taller tree or shrub, nor does he go through it; he simply bounds over, almost touching it, as if for pure sport. In the matter of bounds the mocker is without a peer. The upward spring while singing is an ecstatic action, that must be seen to be appreciated; he rises into the air as though too happy to remain on earth, and, opening his wings, floats down, singing all the while. It is indescribable, but enchanting to see. In courtship, too, as related, he makes effective use of this exquisite movement. In simple food-hunting on the ground—a most prosaic occupation truly—on approaching a hammock of grass he bounds over it instead of going around. In alighting on a tree he does not pounce upon the twig he has selected, but upon a lower one, and passes quickly up through the branches, as lithe as a serpent. So fond is he of this exercise that one which I watched amused himself half an hour at a time in a pile of brush; starting from the ground, slipping easily through up to the top, standing there a moment, then flying back and repeating the performance. Should the goal of his journey be a fence picket, he alights on the beam which supports it, and hops gracefully to the top.

The mocking-bird can not be said to possess a gentle disposition, especially during the time of nesting. He does not seem malicious, but rather mischievous, and his actions resemble the naughty though not wicked pranks of an active child. At that time he does, it must be admitted, lay claim to a rather large territory, considering his size, and enforces his rights with many a hot chase and noisy dispute, as remarked above. Any mocking-bird who dares to flirt a feather over the border of the ground he chooses to consider his own has to battle with him. A quarrel is a curious operation, usually a chase, and the war-cry is so peculiar and apparently so incongruous that it is fairly laughable. It is a rough breathing, like the "huff" of an angry cat, and a serious dispute between the birds reminds one of nothing but a disagreement in the feline family. If the stranger does not take the hint, and retire at the first huff, he is chased, over and under trees and through branches, so violently that leaves rustle and twigs are thrust aside, as long as the patience or wind holds out. On one occasion the defender of his homestead kept up a lively singing all through the furious flight, which lasted six or eight minutes—a remarkable thing.

To others than his own kind the mocker seems usually indifferent, with the single exception of the crow. So long as this bird kept over the salt-marsh, or flew quite high, or even held his mouth shut, he was not noticed; but let him fly low over the lawn, and above all let him "caw," and the hot-headed owner of the place was upon him. He did not seem to have any special plan of attack, like the king-bird or the oriole; his aim appeared to be merely to worry the enemy, and in this he was untiring, flying madly and without pause around a perching crow until he took flight, and then attempting to rise above him. In this he was not always successful, not being particularly expert on the wing, though I have two or three times seen the smaller bird actually rest on the back of the foe for three or four seconds at a time.

The song of the free mocking-bird! With it ringing in my ear at this moment, after having feasted upon it and gloried in it day and night for many weeks, how can I criticise it! How can I do otherwise than fall into rhapsody, as does almost every one who knows it and delights in it, as I do! It is something for which one might pine and long, as the Switzer for the Ranz-des-Vaches, and the more one hears it the more he loves it. I think there will never come a May in my life when I shall not long to fold my tent and take up my abode in the home of the mocking-bird, and yet I can not say what many do. For variety, glibness and execution, the song is marvelous. It is a brilliant, bewildering exhibition, and one listens in a sort of ecstacy almost equal to the bird's own, for this, it seems to me, is the secret of the power of his music; he so enjoys it himself, he throws his whole soul into it, and he is so magnetic that he charms a listener into belief that nothing can be like it. His manner also lends enchantment; he is seldom still. If he begins in a cedar-tree, he soon flies to the fence, singing as he goes, thence takes his way to a roof, and so on, changing his place every few minutes, but never losing a note. His favorite perch is the top spire of a pointed tree, low cedar or young pine, where he can bound into the air as already described, spread his wings, and float down, never omitting a quaver. It seems like pure ecstasy; and however critical one may be, he can not help feeling deep sympathy that the joyous soul that thus expresses itself. With all the wonderful power and variety, the betwitching charm, there is not the "feeling," the heavenly melody, of the wood thrush. As an imitator, I think he is much overrated. I can not agree with Lanier that

"Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say;"

and that the birds are jealous of his song, as Wilson says, I can not believe. On the contrary, I do not think they recognize the counterfeit. The tufted titmouse called as loudly and constantly all day as though no mocking-bird shouted his peculiar and easily imitated call from the house-top; the cardinal grosbeak sang every day in the grove, though the mocker copied him more closely than any other bird. He repeats the notes, rattles out the call, but he can not put the cardinal's soul into them. The song of every bird seems to me the expression of himself; it is a perfect whole of its kind, given with proper inflections and pauses, and never hurried; whereas, when the mocker delivers it, it is simply one more note added to his repertory, uttered in his rapid staccato, in his loud, clear voice, interpolated between incongruous sounds, without expression, and lacking in every way the beauty and attraction of the original.

The song consists entirely of short staccato phrases, each phrase repeated several times, perhaps twice, possibly five or six times. If he has a list of twenty or thirty—and I thing he has more—he can make almost unlimited changes and variety, and can sing for two hour or longer, holding his listener spell-bound and almost without consciousness that he has repeated any thing.

So winning and so lasting is the charm with which this bird enthralls his lovers that scarcely had I left his enchanted neighborhood before every thing else was forgotten, and there remain of that idyllic month only beautiful pictures and delightful memories. "O thou heavenly bird!"—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Atlantic.*

UNTIMELY VISITORS.

A Species of Femininity Whose Ways Are Beyond Ordinary Comprehension.

There are some people in the world who seem to have been born with the idea that visiting is one of the fundamental rules of living, and with this principle firmly fixed in their minds live up to it accordingly, without any thought whatever of those they annoy by so doing. They come in at any hour in the day, usually in the morning, that most precious working-time for women, just to chat about something of not the slightest importance to the person visited. "Oh, we are not going to detain you; we won't stop a moment," they say. While the hostess listens and replies courteously to the conversation of her guests, her ear catches the sound of her clothes, that she had placed in a boiler on the stove, boiling over, and, with a hurried apology, she hastens to the kitchen, adds more cold water, leaves the cover of the boiler off and is quickly back again with the visitors, who remark on the loveliness of the day, and what a pity it is for any one to stay in the house such weather.

The hostess makes some polite reply agreeing to the statement made, but thinks of her washing in the other room waiting for her, how she would have had it on the line but for her untimely visitors, who, having remained fully an hour, always going, yet seem not any nearer to it than when first seated. After another hour spent in the same way, during which time the nervous housekeeper has made many journeys to and from the kitchen, the guests leave, remarking that they couldn't possibly remain any longer, and the wearied woman goes back to her washing and with nervous haste tries to make up for time wasted. The clothes must be out before noon, and the dinner for the husband and children on the table at that time. Why such people, if they must visit, should choose the busiest part of the day to call upon women whom they know to have all they can do, toil as hard as they may, to get their work well done, in preference to those having more leisure at their disposal, like the riddle of the Sphinx, is hard to answer. It does seem as though these people had missed their vocation and book canvassers lost a valuable acquisition.—*Boston Budget.*

—In the new University of California, built by Leland Stanford, women are to share the benefits of every department equally with men.

MISSIONARY LIFE.

Its Romance Illustrated by the Success of a Faithful Young Preacher.

Romance is not all confined to the past, or to strange countries. Some of the most peculiar experiences possible to man have been those of missionaries to the American Indians, so recently that the workers who survived the hardships and dangers of those days are still in the prime of their usefulness. One of these missionaries took up his work when he was just past his seminary days, and was assigned to a tribe of Sioux who were peculiarly wild, and singularly wedded to their savage customs. Fresh from his studies, and full of hope and zeal, the young missionary proceeded on his way. On quitting the fort which was nearest his post of duty, the gates of the stockade were opened to let him depart by men who bade him good-bye as they might bid adieu to one already dead. But the missionary drove his wagon ten miles over the wild country, and began to build his house in the very center of one of the Sioux camps. Shortly an Indian, moved by some inexplicable feeling, offered to help him. He raised a little hut, made some furniture, stuffed a mattress, and prepared to do his own cooking, all these things being quite new work for him. Meanwhile, he was an object of curiosity to these new neighbors, who might, at any moment, be moved to bury a tomahawk in his brain.

He had no books, but only stenciled charts of letters which he made himself, and with these he set up school. He had, of course, made himself acquainted with the Sioux dialect, and he contrived, by little gifts, to gather in children and grown people. They liked the hymns and learned them rapidly, and some took an interest in reading; but it was not uncommon for a number of wild savages to rush in and clear the school out.

However, the missionary made friends, and at last built a more substantial wooden structure, with bedrooms for scholars who should dwell in the house, and about this time married a wife who came bravely out from her Eastern home to help him.

If you fancy that the place was quiet and solitary all this while, you are mistaken. In their camp-life the Sioux were seldom quiet, except when sleeping. Night and day there was noise, tumult, agitation, and the missionary worked as carpenter and painter, school-teacher and preacher through it all.

Other white men and women were added to the mission. A boarding-school was under way, but when clothed in Christian fashion, provided with books, and apparently well satisfied with their condition, some outside influence would be brought to bear upon the scholars, and away they would go, books and clothes and all. The greatest prejudice was against teaching the girls any thing, and when the scruples of a few of them were overcome, others resented it. At one time an attack was made upon the mission, two of the teachers murdered, and the missionary and his wife were obliged to flee, with their baby, for their lives. They remained for some time in the shelter of the fort, but at last returned to the mission. The school was resumed, and this time some old and venerated chiefs took part with the missionary. One saved him from being murdered by an old squaw, and another helped him to drive forth a number of the scum of the camp who were at their old work of clearing out the school. When the Indians became friendly, so many of them came to dine with the missionary at once that the provisions of the mission were prematurely devoured. Indians expect unlimited hospitality from all friends.

Fidally, the missionary and his assistants became great favorites amongst the Indians, who were willing at last to be taught to farm; and now well-tilled fields, good log houses, fences, barns, etc., are seen in every direction. Many of the Sioux read and write, and the men have generally given up polygamy. They go to church, send their children to school, and for the most part behave well in the neighborhood of the mission. There are missions, however, where life is as exciting and full of danger as it was in the beginning at the one we have described. The American Indian is, no doubt, the most difficult savage under the sun to civilize.—*N. Y. Ledger*

Chinese Barbarity.

The Pekin courts lately sentenced a young man to the lingering death of a thousand slices who had murdered his brother by blood, but his cousin by adoption, for unnatural cruelty. The brother had usurped his place in the house of his adopted mother, and finally, when the victim was driven out, he sold his wife and child and gave to his adopted mother $26 out of the $29 which he realized from this sale. To Chinese eyes this was a praiseworthy transaction. The wicked brother seized upon this money given to the old mother, and when the other returned after a few days and learned of this crowning injury he promptly killed his brother and his brotner's wife and child. The court, in passing sentence, was chiefly perplexed as to whether he murdered his brother or his cousin. The judge showed no leniency toward him, and the moral to be drawn from the case is that the way of the poor in China is hard. If he had had money he could have secured relief; without it, he was driven to take justice into his own hands, which resulted in his shameful death.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—There are 10,000 women in Cincinnati who earn their living.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Henry Ward Beecher once took indoor exercise by shoveling from one end of his cellar to the other a load of sand which he had put there for the purpose.

—Theodore Thomas walks ten miles every day, and the Boston *Herald* thinks that this gives his legs about the same amount of exercise that a Wagner overture gives his arms.

—The Duke of Westminister has promised to give $5,000 a year during the remainder of his life for the building of new churches. He is now sixty years old.

—Colonel Freeman Thorpe's old portrait of President Garfield has been purchased by the State of Ohio for $500 It is considered the best picture of Garfield extant.

—The histrionic taste of Charles Dickens is exhibited in a mild form by his grand-daughter, Miss Ethel Dickens, who has opened a type-writing office for the copying of prompt-books and parts.

—Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins recently presented a library consisting of $400 worth of books to the town of Davis, W. Va., on condition that the citizens should furnish the room, which was promptly done.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—W. D. Montz, of Louisville, has been superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school for thirty years, and in all that time has been absent only five Sundays. During the last twenty years he has been absent but one Sunday.

—Robert Browning says of his critics: "I have had too long an experience of the inability of the human goose to do other than cackle when benevolent and hiss when malicious, and no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel against what waddles behind it."

—Frances Hodgson Burnett began her literary career at fourteen. Her first two sketches were printed in *Godey's Lady's Book*, for which she received $35. She gathered and sold wild grapes in East Tennessee for money to buy the postage stamps which covered the transmission of her stories.

—After Mme. Nilsson's marriage in Paris the wedding party drove to a hotel, where a quiet breakfast was served. "I shall not sing any more in public," said the newly-made Countess, "except"—she hesitated—"well perhaps once in a while for charity." The Count and Countess intend to live in London, where they have a superb residence.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The Snooks family, in England, from whom Sir Charles Dilke has just inherited a fortune, affords a curious illustration of the evolution of names. Originally it was Sevenoaks, and there are many people in England now who spell their name Sevenoaks and pronounce it Snooks, just as lots of Americans write their nome Taliaferro and call it Tolliver. This is the age of brevity, and Snooks is brief.

HUMOROUS.

—We are told that the dude is fast disappearing. The high collar is doing the business.

—First Rag Picker—"What luck this morning, Raphael?" Second Rag Picker—"Diavolo! I'f found nothing but wire boostles yet."—*New Haven News.*

—A spring poet was found dead in his room in the southern section of our city last week. The effort to make "earl crocus" rhyme with "only mock us" proved too much for him.

—"Now, my dear," said mamma to little Helen, "baby is going to sleep. You must keep just as still as a little mouse." "Well, but, mamma," objected Helen, "mice squeak sometimes, don't they?"

—"Won't you marry me, dear Jennie?" pleaded John Knott, after a six months' courtship. "Why, of course, Knott," replied the vixen, and she lost the only chance of marriage she ever had, for her smartness.—*Little Giant.*

—An Indian chief, who was visiting at Washington at Government expense, was introduced to a Senator lately who had a very bald head. The chief looked at him some moments with great interest. Finally he said: "Ugh, where you fight Indian some time?"

—Poor John Chinaman.—
There was a Chinee with a queue,
And he could find nothing to queue;
He begged for some shnise,
But was given a bruise,
So he comforted himself with a chueue.

—Young Hobsonby (in Harlem cigar store)—"Have you the Rosa Perfecto Cabana Victoria cigar?" Dealer (regretfully)—"N-no, sir; but we have the Carissima Carambay Los Angelos Ypsilanti brand." Young Hobsonby—"How much are they?" Dealer—"Two for five."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—De Cad—"That little Miss Beach is a regular little fool." Bagley—"Oh, no." De Cad—"Yes, she is. Any girl who will flirt is a fool." Bagley—"Does she flirt?" De Cad—"Why, she flirted with me all last evening." Bagley—"Oh, well, then she is a fool."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A twelve-year-old schoolboy, who had to be called a dozen times in the morning before he came down to breakfast, was roused from his matin slumbers the other day by a loud clap of thunder, the electric bolt knocking a big hole in the roof of the house, going through the ceiling, splitting open the headboard of the bed, singeing his hair, and passing through the floor and out of the kitchen door. The lad partly opened his eyes, faintly murmured: "Yes, I'm coming," and immediately turned over for a fresh snooze.—*Norristown Herald.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A chair of Pedagogues has just been established at Princeton under Prof. West.

—Of the original members of Plymouth Church only two—Henry C. Bowen and John T. Howard—are living.

—The People's Baptist Church has been organized at Manchester, N. H., with eighty-three members.—*Golden Rule.*

—The *Dartmouth*, with eleven hundred copies per issue, has a larger circulation than any other college paper in the United States.

—The collection for Home Missions in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church—Dr. Crosby's—on a recent Sunday amounted to $2,000.

—The nine normal schools of the State of New York graduate only teachers enough to fill one in ten of the vacancies occurring in the ranks of instructors.

—Twenty-one years ago the Methodist Church in Sweden was in its infancy. Now there are fifty-nine preachers, seventy-five churches, 10,409 members and 3,398 probationers in that kingdom.

—Statistics show that the New England States have furnished more church members, Sunday-school teachers and ministers throughout the West within twenty years than all the other States combined. From one New England State alone there went forth, in 1885, 150 ministers under the age of twenty-seven.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—"Howling" schools are common in the mountainous regions of Kentucky. The name is an appropriate one, as it is the custom for the pupils to study their lessons aloud. The idea prevails that children can only study aloud. The same custom prevails in China. There, whenever a pupil stops "howling," his teacher flogs him because he has ceased to study.—*Chicago Times.*

—Since the union a few years ago the Methodist constitute the largest religious denomination in Ontario, Can., and they are, it appears making the most rapid progress. The Presbyterians come next. The Anglicans are third in size and said to be tardiest in growth. The Roman Catholics are fourth. The Congregationalists and Baptists have not taken very firm hold of Canadian soil as yet.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Female students are pretty numerous in Paris. Most of them are Russians, generally very poor, so they club together in small sects—many of them have brothers or husbands with them who are students also—and put their resources into a common fund. One room is used as dormitory, another as study, etc., and a single cook does for all — phalansterism as proposed by Fourier. They work hard, and the life of all, men and women, is very respectable in every way.—*Boston Globe.*

GOOD COLLATERAL.

A Bank President Who Knew a Fine Thing When He Saw It.

The other morning as the janitor of a bank not very far from the Palace opened the door, he was surprised to observe three rather tired-looking citizens seated on the steps, the center one of whom held a sealed envelope carefully in sight of his companions.

"Want to make a deposit, gentlemen?" asked the cashier, who shortly arrived. "Step inside."

"No, I want to negotiate a loan," said the man with the envelope, "and there ain't a minute to lose. I want five thousand dollars quicker'n hades can scorch a feather."

"What collaterals have you—Government?" inquired the bank official.

"Government nothin'. I've got something that beats four-per-cents. all hollow. You see I've been sitting in a poker game across the street, and there's over four thousand dollars in the pot. There are three or four pretty strong hands out, and as I've every cent in the center the boys have given me thirty minutes to raise a stake on my hand. It's in this envelope. Just look at it, but don't give it away to these gentlemen. They're in the game, and came along to see I don't monkey with the cards."

"But, my dear sir," said the cashier, who had quietly opened the envelope and found it to contain four kings and an ace, "this is entirely irregular—we don't lend money on cards."

"But you ain't going to see me raised out on a hand like that?" whispered the pokerist. "These fellows think I'm bluffing, and I can just clean out the whole gang. You see we ain't playing flushes, so I've got 'em right in the door."

"Can't help it, sir. Never heard of such a thing," said the cashier, and the disappointed applicant and friends drifted sadly out. On the corner they met the bank's president, who was himself just from a quiet little all-night game at the Union. They explained the case again, and the next moment the superior officer darted into the bank, seized a bag of twenties, and followed the trio. In about ten minutes he returned with the bag and an extra handful of twenties, which he flung on the counter.

"Here, credit five hundred to interest account," he said to the cashier. "Why, I thought you had more business snap, sir. Ever play poker?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! thought not—thought not. If you did you'd know what good collateral was. Remember that in future—four kings and an ace, flushes barred, are always good in this institution for our entire assets, sir—our entire assets."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

A GORGEOUS PALACE.

Description of the Charming Mango Gardens of the King of Siam.

The Summer Palace of the King, the Mango Gardens, is considered the handsomest place in Siam. The main building is erected in the style of a French chateau, and is surrounded with grounds laid off with great skill by a landscape gardener, paths winging in serpentine sinuosity in every direction, flowers of all kinds fill the air with rarest perfume, and to add to the charms of the place miniature lakes, dotted over with lotus plants in blossom, flash their sparkling waters in the sunshine.

These lakes are fed from the river that flows in front of the palace, which, together with the yard, is inclosed by a wall containing a number of handsome buildings set apart for the various wives of the King. Through the kindness of the gardener in charge I was shown through the palace, the King being absent, he not staying there more than a month during the year.

The palace if built of teak and other costly woods, the walls paneled most handsomely; the hard wood polished like a mirror, bringing out the grain; the ceiling lofty, laid off in handsome designs and most elaborately gilded; the floors a mosaic of various woods, also highly polished, each room a different design, while the broad flight of steps that leads to the second story—the sleeping apartments—is simply grand, in keeping with the magnificence of the interior.

The King's chamber, bath-rooms, etc., were worthy of the abode of royalty, and his couch a "thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever." It was made of rare wood and carved in the most exquisite designs, draped with rare lace fringed with gold; a gold embroidered spread covered the bed; the pillows and bolsters were also hemmed with lace, and above it swung a handsome punka to keep him cool. It seemed more like a work of art to please the eye than the resting place of one who courted slumber, surcease of business and trouble arising from the control of over 7,000,000 people.

In some of the rooms we noticed some very handsome furniture and pictures, costly tables, crystal and alabaster vases, etc., though the place was dismantled during the absence of royalty. It is a place that one tired of power and the world would retire to for a month and live in elysium or Oriental ease. In the center of several of the lakes handsome pavilions are erected, where the band discourses music, and on their rippling surface float barges ready to bear the wives and children or family of the King, when he concludes to pass his time there.

Scattered throughout the gardens are cages containing monkeys, birds, etc., that add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene. For over an hour our party strolled through the well-kept grounds and gardens, fifty men being constantly employed in beautifying and keeping them in order. Amid a grove of rarest foliage, musical with birds, is a handsome Italian monument, erected to the memory of the late Queen, who was drowned by the sinking of a yacht, erected by the King, and by his special direction kept in the neatest order.

As our time was limited we could see but a portion of the beauties of this lovely place. It would take a column to speak at length of the various palaces that are scattered over the grounds, the Oriental watch and bell-tower that stands like a giant sentinel towering over all, the handsome wat, built like a Gothic cathedral, stained glass windows, but the shrill whistle of our steam launch reminds us that "time is up," and, with a sigh of regret, our party left the lovely Mango Gardens, its world of flowers, its fragrant atmosphere and paradisical beauty—an elysium where one could dream life away, the Nepenthe of the poet, where no raven will ever "sit on the pallid bust of Pallas," but eternal sunshine gilds the velvet curtains and casts a glory on the glistening floors.—*Siam Cor. St. Louis Republican.*

ADVICE BY THE PECK.

Bill Nye Tells His Son How to Make a Country Paper Red Hot.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—*My Dear Son:* I wish you would please change the address of my paper to this place, where your mother and I are now staying. I got the *Retina* all right last week, and see that you are going to enlarge it, so I have sold my hay in order to prepare for the event.

What is your idea for enlarging the paper before the town enlarges? Of course I am no journalist, but I have often thought that if I had been doomed to issue a paper like the *Retina*, and then answer at the bar of judgment for it, I would not get a power press till the town got a good, dark-blue hook-and-ladder company and a post-office.

I hope you will not try to issue a daily paper, anyhow, till we see how stock looks when grass grows again.

I like your editorial on "Mark Antony" first rate. I can imagine how excited the people of your town were when they saw the *Retina* Saturday morning and read what your estimate of Mark was.

I wish you would incidentally pick up a few others of those old people and weigh them. That is one of the luxuries of running a paper yourself. You can speak right out and walk all over these people. I would like to hear what your honest convictions are in regard to Diogenes. It would be worth almost what I have put into your paper as a silent partner.

You can have no idea, Henry, how it swells me up with pride and lofty disdain to know that while I am sleeping calmly under my roof-tree, as I heard a man call it once, you are showing up those old frauds like Julius Cæsar and Hamlet and Portcullis and Andronicus and Mrs. Potiphar and other people who have become historical.

While other people are frittering away their time talking about highway tax and boards of health and all such stuff as that you are making a red-hot paper of to-day; a paper that fairly boils over with your honest convictions about the political aspect at the time that Cæsar took charge of the tribune; a paper that shows the average reader that you are smart, whether you give them the kind of stuff they want or not.

That was my idea when I sent you away to that female seminary, or whatever it was, where you went to get educated. I wanted you to come out with a whole lot of thoughts that showed right on their face that they were expensive. I wanted you to be able to tell down at the store how much A, B and C would each have to grind off a circular grindstone four feet three and one-half inches in diameter, with a square hole in the center three and one-fourth inches each way, provided A pays one-sixth of the price of the stone, B one-half, and C the balance, with the understanding that C shall use five per cent more than his share, provided he will turn the grind-stone. I wanted you to be able to talk with foreigners in their own native tongue the darkest night that ever blew. I desired that you might become a man who could walk up to an Italian as he plays his organ voluntary beneath your casement, and tell him in his own musical alarm-clock language what you think of him.

So it pleases me to know that you are printing a paper now, so you can show off to advantage what I have invested in you.

Press right on. Keep writing up these over-estimated men like Moses, and I do not care what you say provided you rise rapidly yourself, even if you do so upon the wreck and ruin of such men as Demosthenes and other people whom you will, no doubt, show up before you get through.

I hope you will lead up to Columbus and Patrick Henry in time to get through with them a little ahead of the sheriff.

After awhile I want to write a little article for your paper, not so much for the purpose of saying any thing, but in order to show the contrast between the polished work of a well-educated, smart young man and the crude efforts of a plain man who is entirely unfitted for every thing except paternal purposes.

We are having a good time here in the South, enjoying the climate and making experiments with the butter which is produced here.

As warm weather approaches the mountain butter of North Carolina is getting its hair cut short, and I can truthfully say, Henry, that, although I am no epicure as a general rule, I have had my palate tickled more since I came here than I ever did before.

Butter made in the fastnesses of the hills in Buncombe County is mostly of a pale pearl gray, with a pin-stripe in it of ultra-marine. This does not look badly, and it sets off a hoe-cake first-rate.

This butter is not eaten by the peo-people who manufacture it. They are poor sometimes, and have to eat most any thing that will sustain life, but they draw the line at this butter.

They know how it is prepared.

I went out into the brush last week to buy a load of wood, and I took tea with a gentleman who lives in an open-face cottage on the other side of the mountains. I then discovered that these people do not eat their own butter.

I did not notice any butter, but they had gravy as a substitute for it. Corn-dodger in and of itself will not melt in the mouth, so I looked around for a means of lubricating my own. At that time the warm-hearted and hospitable host made the following remark: "Stranger, you mustn't be squeamish. Just waller yer dodger in the dope. That's the way we do."

I then proceeded to waller.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News.*

Intelligent Artillery Horses.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of his uniform. When I asked him why he spent so much time to mend that old flag, his answer was, that as we are so far from the base of supplies he could not get a new one, and that when the battery went into action with thirty-six horses and six guns he always stuck the pike of the guidon into the ground where the battery was to form, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the noise of the battle was so great that the bugle-call could not be heard, the horses would wheel around the flag and execute the maneuver known as by left into line, and bring the muzzles of the six guns on a line with the flag, and then as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it about two hundred paces to the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear with the caisons and halt again on a line with it. Is there not a beautiful sentiment in the thought of those noble horses knowing the flag and rallying to it?—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Philadelphia paper asked: "Is there a wife in the city to-day who makes her husband's shirts?" The following answer was received by return mail: "I do, but he won't wear 'em."